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Selected Poetry.

UNDER THE CROSS.

I cannot, cannot say,
Out of my breast and breaking heart,
Storm-driven along a stormy way,
While blood drops start
From every pore, as I drag on—
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

I thought but yesterday,
My will was one with God's dear will;
And that it would be sweet to say—
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

My happy days should smile upon—
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

But I was weak and wrong,
But weak of soul and wrong of heart;
And pride in me was strong,
With cunning art,
To cheat me in the golden sun,
To say, "God's will be done!"

O, shadow, dread and cold,
That frights me out of foolish pride;
O lead, that through my bosom rolled
In billowy tide—
I said, till you power made known,
"God's will, not mine, be done!"

Now, faint and sore afraid
Under my cross, heavy and rude—
My idols in the ashes laid,
Like ashes strewed,
Thy holy words my pale lips shan—
O, God, thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God!
And touch my will with thy warm breath;
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,
That quickens death;
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,
And say, "Thy will be done!"

Selected Sketch.

"MY CAPTURE AND ESCAPE."

A STORY OF THE WAR.

In the ranks of my regiment, I arrived in Washington, in June, 1861, and was soon after sent out to the sacred soil of Virginia. Our regiment was sent to the advance of the Federal lines, and portions were sent out on picket duty. When it came to my turn to advance near the enemy's lines, I felt some apprehension for my safety; and though I was a soldier I must frankly confess I feared the rifle of the Confederate sharpshooters. Near where our pickets were stationed, as a little old fashioned log house that looked comfortable and cheering, and often made me feel sad; when seated in some nook or corner of the bushes, watching the enemy. How that old log house made my heart palpitate, and drew from me deep and heavy sighs. Not that I had lost one particle of my patriotism, or felt any the less brave and willing to fight for my country; but it would bring to my mind pictures of home, and of the many pleasant scenes I had passed with sisters and brothers and others around the family board. I noticed that the house was occupied, and fair forms stood in and out, and one in particular that drew my attention. I became deeply interested in the inmates of that house—and, as I thought the matter over, it seemed as if I could not restrain my curiosity, but I must visit it. So, as I did between two hostile armies, what could induce its inmates to remain with destruction visible all around them.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the latter part of June, that I was again on picket duty in the vicinity of the log house. I was determined that day to satisfy my curiosity. Leaving my companions, I stole across a field or two, watching with a vigilant eye every bush and fence to prevent a surprise. As I approached the house I heard a plaintive song, so sweetly that I wept, though I felt ashamed of myself as a soldier for my weakness. I drew close up beside the house, and in a crouching position I silently listened. The song ceased, a heavy hasty step sounded on the floor.

"Father, what is the matter?" I heard a voice exclaim, that was mingled with an agitated and mournful quiver.

"My dear daughter, you and your mother depart at once. You must go to Washington, and from thence you can find your way to Massachusetts, where your uncle lives. Tell him that I, his brother, implore him to protect you until I reach you. Our country is torn and divided and utter ruin seems to hang over it. Oh, God, when will this end!"

"And you, George?" I believe this was the voice of his wife, "where are you going?"

"Where am I going?" he gasped, "God only knows!"

"Why what on earth do you mean?" fairly screamed his wife.

"I mean this," he said more calmly: "I am going into the Confederate army, not from my own free will but from compulsion, to save my property from confiscation, to save a home for you and Jenny."

"Oh father, do not join the Confederates army, but fight for the old Stars and Stripes, and for the country you have so long loved," and Jenny caught her father about the neck, and kissed him.

I could get but a single glance at her face, but how lovely she looked pleading for her country and her father's honor. The mother was standing beside, and the great tears flowed down her cheeks and dropped on his head.

"Come, dear father, let us go North; Uncle David is a good man, and we can live in safety there."

The father sat listening to the pleading of his daughter, and these were joined by the wife with such stirring passion that he yielded and consented to leave immediately for Washington, and join the Federal army.

"You have decided me; I will go," he exclaimed, and the terror that afflicted him a moment before had entirely fled.

"Bless you, father!" exclaimed Jenny, as she drew back an old board that was against the wall, over the mantle-piece, and from its secret hiding place drew out a small, beautiful Star Spangled Banner.

"There, my father, under the folds of that flag you must fight, if you go to war, but not beneath the Palmetto, the Pelican, and the serpent," and she threw it around his shoulders, while his stalwart form braced up, and his eyes brightened as he pressed the Stars and Stripes to his bosom.

How I loved that girl, as she stood there in all the majesty of her pride, gazing on her father. I could have fought a regiment of rebels at that moment, or as many more as might have been brought against me. Had I been ready to marry at that moment I would have made that girl my wife at least a dozen times. But my thoughts upon that subject were of short duration, for just as the father was about to make preparations to start from his home in stepped four rebel soldiers, under the command of a Corporal.

"Well, sir, we have called for you," said the Corporal, "and I don't think we came any too soon;" and he snatched the flag from off the shoulders of the man and threw it on the floor and stepped upon it. That's the way we will set our heels on the necks of the Yankee invaders."

How my blood fumed; it didn't boil, but raved through my veins as it would burst them. Suddenly Jenny sprang toward me, and pushed the Corporal back with such force that he almost fell upon the floor and then snatched up the flag and flung it in his face.

"As under its folds tyranny was driven from the land, so shall it now be driven out of here; and if I were a man I would punish you for the insult you have offered this dear flag of mine."

"I don't come here to fight the women," said the Corporal doggedly.

"Come, Mr. Davis, you have been drafted and I must go to the army."

"I will not fight against my will," exclaimed the man exhibiting some signs of resistance.

"But you shall. Size him, men."

The rebels sprang forward and caught Davis, but being a strong man, he resisted them from him. Again they set upon him with more success and were proceeding to bind him. I could stand it no longer, I rushed to the door, screaming:

"Come on, boys; we have them now!"

I dashed into the house, and just at that moment down went one of the rebels, levelled to the floor by a cannon in the hands of Jenny. Again the chair whirled in the air, and came down upon the head of the Corporal. The rebels were frightened and fled from the house; and I was alone returned to the combat. Davis still bound, and could offer no assistance. The fight was unequal, and I was overpowered and taken prisoner. Davis and myself were matched off to the enemy's camp, while Jenny and her mother were left alone in the house.

For two days I was a prisoner in the enemy's camp, near Fairfax Court House. What had become of Davis I knew not, and what became of me I cared not, now that I had lost the brave girl I had learned to love. The day had passed gloomily away, and night had come again. I was seated in a sort of bushy tent, with a guard pacing up and down in front of it, paying more attention to me than necessary. While lost in happy thoughts of home and Jenny, I heard a rustling noise beside me, and a delicate hand was laid on my arm.

"Follow me, quickly, and I will save you," she whispered in my ear, and placed her hand over my mouth.

She then withdrew, and I, snake-like, crawled out of the tent after her. Cautiously we moved along until we came to the guard.

"Who o-mes down upon our faces and we dropped down upon our faces and the guard passed on, and we crawled forward, copping to listen. The guard was returning, and we hid still until he had again passed, and then we pushed it forward more rapidly.

"We are now beyond the camp, but we have the pickets to pass yet. My father is waiting for us just yonder," said she, turning a little to the left.

"You are a brave girl," I ventured to say, there is no knowing what else I might have said, but she placed her finger on my mouth, with a gentle "Hush!"

Secreted in the bushes was her father, who firmly grasped his hands as we joined him. Jenny then placed a musket in my hands, and I could see by the dim light that her father was provided with one, and the brave and fearless girl carried one, though I must confess rather awkwardly. I was all curiosity and anxiety to know how the little frail creature could accomplish so much.

"I am afraid we will have to fight the pickets," said her father; "but it's life or death, and if we can scare them we are safe."

In perfect silence we approached the locality of the picket guard and thought that we had eluded their vigilance, when a quick and frightened challenge burst upon us. This was followed almost instantly by a flash, when a bullet whizzed close to my head.

"Charge on them, boys," shouted Davis as he fired, and I quickly sent a bullet in the direction of the rebel pickets. I saw Jenny's musket come to her shoulder, and as it was discharged she recoiled and would have fallen to the ground, but I caught her, and in a moment she recovered from the shock.

We heard the enemy's pickets retreating in alarm, and making the most of their confusion we dashed toward the Federal lines some half a mile distant.

I had made my escape, but not through my own stratagem or skill, but by the constancy, work and energy of a young and brave girl, whose patriotic heart would not forsake her honored and beloved Government, and whose determination rescued her father from the hand of the oppressor.

The muskets she provided us with were secreted in her father's house. She had loaded them, and at night eluded the vigilance of the enemy's guard, and deposited them where she delivered them to us. She bid us a touching farewell, and in company with her mother proceeded to Massachusetts.

Her father enlisted in the Federal army, and now, side by side, we are fighting to deliver his home from the hand of the oppressor, while I look forward with pleasure to the day when I shall be awarded the hand of Miss Jenny as a reward for my effort to save her father.

Miscellaneous.

A Clergyman's Joke.

I was spending a night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I came into the sitting room, where I met a pleasant good-humored traveler, who like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Toledo. We conversed pleasantly on several topics, until seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, the conversation turned on kissing just about the time the train was approaching.

"Come," said he, taking up his carpet-bag, "since we are on a subject, let us have a practical application. I'll make a proposition to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Toledo, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest; I being the judge."

The proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was earnest or in fun; but as he would be as deep in it as I could possibly be, I agreed, providing my heart failed me somewhat as I saw his black eyes fairly sparkle with daring.

"Yes," said he, "I'll try it first. You take the back car, and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I'll come in from behind and kiss her."

I had hardly stepped inside the car when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest looking women my eyes ever fell on. A beautiful blonde, with auburn hair, and a bright sunny face, full of love and sweetness, and as radiant and glowing as the morning. And further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle of the car by her side. She was looking out of the window earnestly as if expecting some one. The back door opened and I stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger slyly at her, never dreaming that he would dare to carry out his pledge;—and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and stooping over, kissed her with a relish that made "my mouth water" from end to end. I expected of course a shriek of terror, and a row generally, and a knock-down; but astonishment succeeded astonishment when I saw her return the kisses with comical interest.

Quick as a flash he turned to me and said:

"Now, sir, it is your turn," pointing to a hideous, ugly, winged old woman who sat in the seat behind.

"Oh, you must excuse me; I'm not a man," I exclaimed. "I'm a girl, this time." I gave up. Do tell me who you have been kissing."

"Well," said he, "since you are a

man of so much taste and such quick perception I'll let you off."

And we all burst into a peal of laughter, as he said:

"This is my wife; I have been waiting for her. I knew that was a safe proposition."

He told the story to his wife, who looked tenfold sweeter as she heard it. Before we reached Chicago we exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was a popular Episcopal preacher of Chicago, whose name I had frequently heard. Whenever I go to Chicago I always go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural and more eloquent preacher is hard to find. He was then but a young man; he is now well known as one of the ablest divines of the Episcopal denomination of the West.

Important Arrest.

A young rebel lady (?) who resides near Suffolk, Va., was recently captured on the cars at Norfolk, having taken passage for Dixie. She refused to accompany the officers sent to arrest her until told she would be forced to go, unless she obeyed the command. Her parol was at once taken from her. The account says:

"She underwent a strict examination, and the parol a strict dissection. Ingeniously concealed in the handle was a long compressed roll of thin paper, upon which was an extremely minute description of our forces, with the exact number at each point; the best modes of entrance and exit by which certain captures could be made. Localities were marked down, fortifications traced and enumerated. The number of 'Monitors' and gunboats in the locality were spoken of and it was ascertained that the Union forces at Suffolk would shortly abandon that place and fall back within a short distance of Norfolk. The movement of troops in the vicinity of West Point was given in considerable detail. A drawing of the country accompanied the letter. The roads, streams, &c., were marked with great precision.

Everything was mentioned with great accuracy and very minutely. The information would have been of gold value to the rebels, and it seems extremely strange how so much could be obtained so correctly by the abettors of our enemies.

There are other parties implicated along with Miss Hoxter. Two of them have also been arrested. One is Mrs. Webb, an elderly lady, from whose house the document came. The alleged writer is a Mr. S. S. S., an attorney at law, and who was, for three years, the Mayor of Norfolk. He is now in custody.

The intercepted documents were addressed to the Commander of the Confederate forces on the Blackwater. Miss Hoxter had been delegated to run them through the blockade, and have them forwarded to him for whom they were intended. She and the other lady have evidently been made the dupes of some wily men to perform that which they themselves were loath to do.

The whole was a well laid scheme. It contemplated the capture of Norfolk, pointing out the ways in which it could be done, and giving encouragement to the rebel soldiers to make their appearance at an early day.

The places where General Vele and Governor Pierpont resided were designated, and it was recommended that 'Morgan raid' be made to carry off the 'bugas Governor' of Virginia. A way was given showing how this might be done, but it is unnecessary to unfold it to loyal readers.

The Rebellion.

How hollow the Confederacy of the rebels is may be gathered from the following items. The first is from the Raleigh Standard, the organ of Gov. Vance, of North Carolina. It shows that already there is a rebellion within a rebellion. So let it be:

"We know that military despotism is making rapid strides in these States. We know that no people ever lost their liberties at once, but step by step, as some deadly disease steals upon the system and gradually but surely saps the fountains of life. The argument now is, we hate Lincoln so bitterly, that in order to resist him successfully, we must make slaves of ourselves. The answer of our people is: 'We will stand neither to Lincoln, nor Davis, nor France nor England.' North Carolina is a State, not a Province. She has 80,000 as brave troops as ever trod the earth.

"When she calls them they will come. If the worst should happen she will be able to take care of herself as an independent power. She will not submit to Mr. Davis being invested with dictatorial powers."

The *Henrican Times*, in speaking of the approaching Congressional election, says:

"Beware of the Fire-Eaters! They are the flag-beds of the old defeated Democratic party who fight their battles in bar rooms, or in the shade. They aided to precipitate the cotton

States into a revolution which has made a breastwork of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri. Let them be *Anathema Maranatha!* Give them the reins of Government, and after peace, they will quickly carry us to perdition.

Influence of Mothers.

John Randolph never ceased, till his dying day, to remember, with unutterable affection the pious care of his mother, in teaching him to kneel at her side, and with his little hand pressed together and raised upward, to repeat in slow and measured accents, the pattern prayer.

"My mother," said Mr. Benton, not long before he died, "asked me not to drink liquor and I never did. She desired me at another time to avoid gaming and I never knew a card. She hoped I would never use tobacco, and it never passed my lips."

Not long ago, the Rev. Dr. Mills, in one of his powerful appeals to mothers, to consecrate their children to the ministry of the Gospel said: "A youth, after great deliberation, and with the knowledge that his mother desired him to be a clergyman, decided at last to become a lawyer; and soon after his mother inquired of him in a tone of deep and tender interest, 'My son, what have you decided to do?' 'To study law, mother.' She only replied, 'I had hoped otherwise;' and her convulsive sobbing told the depth of her disappointment. 'Do you think,' said he; 'that I could go into the law over my mother's tears?' He reconsidered the case, and has long been an able and efficient clergyman.

All that Leigh Richmond was, he attributed to the simplicity and propriety with which his mother endeavored to win his attention and his memory with religious truths, while yet quite an infant.

Oh! if Christian mothers would but wake up to the use of their powers and influence, a Samuel might rise out of every family, and Leigh Richmonds be numbered by thousands.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Taken Down.

There is a good story told on the street about one of our young city bucks. He has been paying attention to a rather lively girl, who has *solid* attractions in conversation with some of his comrades, our hero said: "Bays, I am after the girl's pocketbook—I am."

Second Scene: A Parlor—Time 11 P. M. Young lady seated. Young gent rises to depart, hesitates as if bashful, and then remarks:

"Miss —, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits, my attentions, cannot have been without an object."

Young lady—"Ah, yes, so I understand; and shall be only too happy to grant what you desire. (Takes from her table a paper parcel, and unfolding it, displays a large, old fashioned, and empty Morocco pocketbook.) This, I have been informed is that object. Permit me to present it to you, and console you while you wait for your own pocketbook."

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Neighbors.

It is a good thing to have good neighbors; another equally as good is to know how to be a good neighbor. From both experience and observation we will suggest a few ideas for the benefit of all interested.

Neighbors' quarrels usually commence, like all quarrels, viz: from some trivial affair; therefore it is prudent to keep an eye open for small matters—First—look well to the "fine fences," and if not "sharpened" make them so, and ask neighbor A. (in a friendly manner,) if he will not go and do likewise, as you do not want your stock eating up his crop, (and you may think, but don't say, vice versa.) Secondly—never turn anything into the highway to pasture; and if you keep chickens, ducks, geese and little pigs, do for the sake of peace, keep them on your own premises. Thirdly—if you are obliged to borrow anything, return it as soon as you are through with it, and as clean and sound as when you got it. Fourthly—if you borrow you must expect to lend. Most people have some things that they do not wish to lend; when obliged to refuse, do it kindly. Fifthly—when you buy or sell, do so on the cash system. If you cannot let each party keep a book and put down both debtor and creditor, and let no account run longer than the 31st of December. This will avoid many lawsuits. Sixthly—remember the truthful saying, "If a man wants a friend, he must show himself friendly." Be ready and willing to assist your neighbor to do such small jobs as it takes two or three to do, and he will help you in return. We find it very convenient in these war times to exchange when money will not run labor. Help those in trouble; be ready to assist the sick and afflicted, feed and clothe the poor, help educate those willing to learn; in short, show yourself neighborly and you will be happier, and make those around you happier, and the world will be better for your living in it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

On the Rails.—The Providence Journal tells the following story:

As the mid-day Wooster train was about leaving the depot, a man of the John-nian type of manners entered the cars, and requested that two young ladies occupying separate seats should sit together, that he and his friend might enjoy a tete a tete on the other seat.

"But," said one of the dainties, blushing, "this seat is engaged."

"Engaged, is it?" brusquely responded the man, "who engaged it?"

"A young man," said the conscientious maiden.

"A young man, eh? Where's his baggage?" persisted Ursa Major.

"In his baggage," Old Fatherly replied the demure damsel, pursing her rosy lips into the prettiest pout.

"Old Fatherly" subsided; the young man came in and extended an arm protectively, almost caressingly, around his "baggage," and Mr. Conductor C'pron started the train.

The "Sunny South."

B. F. Wilkin, one of the most talented and graphic of the race of army correspondents, thus pictures the beauties of the "Sunny South" from a Vicksburg standpoint:

The post, or whoever it was, that first gave utterance to all that romantic nonsense about the beautiful, sunny South, ought, while in life, to have been bastinadoed, and in death anathematized for his mendacity. Its beauty consists in swamps, hygons and bayous, which give birth to nothing more useful or ornamental than beavers, crocodiles and moccasins. It furnishes the summer residence for cholera, the deadly dwelling of typhoid and yellow fever; in summer it is a furnace in which no white man can dwell, and in winter it is one vast, dreary waste of mud.

It has produced and nurtured a "chivalry" more pretentious than the knight-errantry of Don Quixote; for every blessing in the shape of a pound of cotton is conferred upon the operatives of England, it has inflicted a pang in the shape of a lash upon the descendants of Daquemy. It has grown rice and sugar; it has also fostered slavery, and while the rest of the world has advanced in civilization, it has only succeeded in cultivating an aristocracy, founded, not upon great services rendered to the country or humanity, but upon the possession of a certain number of Africans.

Such is about all that I have ever seen in this country to excite in the name of "sunny," beautiful South—but very far from a house of creation, into which are enclosed all the ills, diseases and conflagrations of civil and natural existence.

Reading One's own Obituary.

In the days of old Mycail, the publisher of the *Newburyport Herald*, (a Journal still alive and flourishing), the Sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to put his arrears of subscription. At last one day he told Mycail that he would certainly hand over the next morning, as sure as he lived. "If you don't get your money to-morrow, you may bury I am dead," said he. The word came and passed, but no money. Judge of the Sheriff's feelings when, on the morning of the day after, he opened his *Herald* and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex, with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored, he was not punctual in paying the printer. Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the *Herald* office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more? Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office, to deny that he was dead in *propria persona*.

"Why, Sheriff," exclaimed the facetious editor, "I thought you were deceased."

"Deceased!" exclaimed the Sheriff, "what put that idea in your head?"

"Why, you yourself!" said Mycail.

"Did you not tell me—"

"Oh! ah! yes!" stammered out the Sheriff. "Well, there is your money. And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please."

"That's not necessary, friend Bagley," said the old joker; "it was only printed in your copy!"

The good Sheriff lived many years after this "sell," and to the day of his real death, always took good care to pay the printer.

Women are only told that they look like angels when they are young and beautiful; consequently it is their persons, not their virtues, that procure them this homage.

Billy gives a whole homily when he says: "Sandal is a visitor who never calls without bringing her work with her."

Never shrink from the performance of any duty, however unpleasant it may be; and remember that the heavier the cross, the greater the reward.

Farm and Household.

Galled Shoulders in Horses.

As making havelocks for the protection of the neck is now all the fashion, I have concluded to send you an account and directions for making of some which I have in use, and like every well made horse as it should, he will never have sore shoulders. Now, I do not think that this is the case, for I have a pair of horses who would not be worked at plowing or harness for a week, without having sore shoulders, yet their collars fitted them well. It seemed that one hide had to be rubbed, and that of the collar was the hardest, the consequence was that the horse's skin got the rubbing.

The galls I could soon cure, but if the horses were worked I could not prevent them. Chancing one day to take hold of an English agricultural journal, the first thing which I noticed was an editorial proposing that a piece of leather should be laid on the horse's neck under and disconnected from the collar. I saw that the theory was good, and concluded that as one hide had to take a rubbing, the collar and the leather might as well be between them as best they could. So having procured paper and scissors, I cut out a pattern for my havelock. I cut the pattern so that it could be sewed together on top of the neck and in front of the breast, and at the same time fit the neck neatly without creasing. They were made considerably wider than the collar, say from ten inches to one foot.

I then applied my patterns to a piece of leather and cut out their counterparts, and sewed them together, and after washing them over night, I applied them to the horse's necks, taking care to keep them smooth and nice.

Since then my horses have never had sore shoulders; and any one seeing the havelocks after three months' use, would not wonder that the horses' shoulders were sore, or rather would wonder that all horses' shoulders were not sore.

I have cured the shoulders of horses with the following compound:

Good brandy, 1 quart;
One half lb. alum powdered.
The brandy and alum should be placed in a bottle, and when used should be well shaken. The mixture should be rubbed on with a sponge, and a pad (an old stocking leg stuffed with straw) should be placed below the gill, and I will insure a cure if the collar is as soft as it should be.

I have cured shoulders with this mixture even when the skin was broken, without taking the horse from the work. But use the havelocks, and you won't want the mixture.

SPICE HARROW, Esq.,
—Germanstown Telegraph.

Heaves in Horses.

Ordinary heaves is usually occasioned by a deranged condition of the digestive organs; it is accompanied by emaciation, and seems to resemble that affection known as asthma, and is attended with the same difficulty in respiration.

The disease is named heaves, from the fact that the affected animal heaves at the flanks, or performs what is known as abdominal respiration, by bringing into play the abdominal muscles, for the purpose of aiding the lungs and diaphragm in their work of respiration and expiration.

The best plan of treatment is to let the patient run on the prairie, and give him occasionally phosphate of lime and ginger, equal parts—does not table-spoonful. I have known animals, with this affection, very much benefited by a run at grass; also by feeding carrots, and by sprinkling their food with a small quantity of lime water daily.

Heaves or Broken Wind.—This form of malady is considered incurable, from the fact that it is of an organic character, depending on rupture of some of the air cells, change of structure and emphysema of the lungs. In this affection we observe a jerking double flank movement, very laborious and distressing. The animal is a picture of ill health, and when urged to travel fast, soon becomes exhausted and used up. The direct cause of broken wind is over-exertion.

In view of palliating some of the worst symptoms, I should treat the case as if it were one of ordinary heaves.

SWELLED LEGS.—Swelled legs are occasioned by what is known as local dropsy; some horses seem to possess a peculiar predisposition, and whenever they get sick, or stand a few days in the stable their hind legs swell. The swelling arises from the presence of serum or water within the cellular tissues of the parts.

TREATMENT.—Should the swelled legs be the result of a prostrating disease, tonics and diuretics are indicated; give two drachms of powdered golden-seal every morning, and three drachms of nitrate of potash every night, to be mixed with the food, and let the animal have daily exercise.

In obstinate cases it will be necessary to apply daily a portion of the following: Spirits of Camphor, 6 ounces; Vinegar, 1 quart; mix.